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CITY DRUG STORE

TELEPHONIC ROMANCE

By AMY DUPREE

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"Two hundred thirty-four J don't answer," said central, ringing off, but before she could lean back for an instant's breathing spell 719 M called her up again.

"Central, why can't I get my house?" "I'm sure I don't know," she answered, with a suspicion of laughter in her voice.

"I'll bet those confounded servants are gossiping down in the basement. Ring 'em again, and ring 'em like thunder."

Central obeyed his orders energetically, but without results.

"I can't get any answer," she said gently to the irate man at the other end of the line, "but I'll try them again in a few minutes, and if I get an answer I'll call you up. No, I won't forget," she said, almost before the man had uttered his warning. "I know you call the house every morning from your office."

"Thank you," said the man, much mollified. "Those servants are so careless, and my niece, who looks after the children, is confined to her room by illness."

Circleville's telephone system was not very complicated. The three girls who presided in the central office were not kept occupied as in a larger city because this was a new institution in the pretty inland city and subscribers were not coming in fast enough to satisfy the telephone company. Only one of the girls hailed from Circleville. The other two were from Chicago, and it was Margaret Baxter, one of the Chicago girls, who had answered Mr. Dickson's imperative calls.

For the next few minutes she was kept busy plugging in and out on her board. But all the time a queer little smile hovered about her lips and a light almost tender shone in her eyes.

"It would be very funny," she said to herself, "if it should all be straightened out by telephone, and I would not be at all surprised if that is just what Jack hoped for." Then she turned suddenly and rang up 234 J.

A rather thick voice with a distinct brogue answered this call with a sullen "Hello." Margaret's face turned grave and firm lines showed about her mouth.

"Why has no one answered the telephone?" she said rather sternly. "I have been ringing you on and off for fifteen minutes."

"Sure I've somethin' to do beside runnin' up them stairs to answer this bell. It's a wonder a woman can't eat her breakfast in peace."

Margaret connected 234 J with 719 M, sighing softly to herself, "Poor Charley and his babies at the mercy of that woman."

The conversation at the wire claimed her attention. There were reasons why she felt she had a right to listen.

"Hello, Mary, is this you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How is Master Reginald?"

"Fine, sir."

"What did he eat for his breakfast?"

"A peach, a bowl of rice and milk and five cakes."

"Now, Mary, I've told you repeatedly not to let him have hot cakes."

"Then, sir, you'll have to stay at home and keep him from it. It's a cook I am and no nurse."

"Well, well," said the man anxiously, as one who realized he was in a predicament and needed the good will of every one. "I'm sure while Miss Ellen is sick you will look after the children, and I will not forget it when I pay you next week."

This bit of diplomacy elicited no reply from the other end of the wire.

"Has Miss Bessie gone to school?"

"She has not. Sure the string's off her hood and one of her rubbers is lost entirely, and I told her she'd best stay home till her Aunt Ellen could get about."

"Dear, dear," said the man, and a prodigious sigh seemed to choke his utterance.

"Is that all, sir?" said the woman impatiently.

"I guess so," he replied reluctantly and hung up his receiver.

At her end of the wire the woman slammed up the receiver with a crash which made central flush just a bit angrily. Clump, clump, clump, she went down the basement stairway to meet a look of inquiry on the face of her husband, gardener and man of all work for Henry Dickson, president of the Excelsior Hardware company.

"Sure, it's the same old thing," she said snappishly as she tossed the soap into the dish pan. "Frettin' his soul out about those two children. It's no place for me and you, Tim. Either the old man or the young un ought to marry. What with church and parties and a fly be night nature into the bargain, Miss Ellen's no good at all, at all. When she's in the house she's in bed, and when she's not in bed she's out of the house."

Tim shook his head and marched out to the stable, and Mary turned to face a shrinking little figure in the doorway.

"I want to sit behind the stove, Mary. There's no fire in the library, and I'm

cold all over."

"I'll bet the young un's goin' to be sick," said Mary as she made room for the child on the wood box behind the stove. "She ought to had on her warm flannels last week. Sit there, dear, whilst I tell you about the fairies Paddy O'Glyn met on his way to Donegal fair."

The man at the other end of the line

had been leaning back in a chair, staring up at the ceiling. Finally he called his stenographer and dictated a letter. It was addressed to Charles Dickson and wound up as follows:

"While you're in Chicago I wish you would stop in to see your aunt Mary Graves. Things are not going right at the house, I fear. Ellen is too frivolous and fond of society to do what is entirely right by us and the children. Your aunt Mary is a capable woman and would pull things together in less than no time."

But even with the letter started on its way Mr. Dickson felt uneasy. Aunt Mary was capable, but was she sympathetic enough to deal with those children? He recalled the gentle ways and the fair face of the dead daughter-in-law. He wished somehow Aunt Mary would wave her hair about her face and smile once in awhile. But she was better than the more uncertain element he had dreaded—a stepmother for his beloved grandchildren.

And all the time Margaret Baxter sat in front of the switchboard, plugging the jacks and thinking. Just before he closed up his desk to go home Mr. Dickson was surprised to catch her voice with a new, almost friendly accent.

"Is this Mr. Dickson?"

"Yes."

"Shall I call Mary and tell her to have the children come down to meet you?"

Mr. Dickson lived some distance beyond the street car terminus, and Tim always drove down in the runabout to meet him. It never struck him as odd that the telephone girl knew of his daily habit. Perhaps she lived in the neighborhood. He answered in a relieved tone:

"Yes; I'd forgotten to call her."

"And if you didn't call her she wouldn't remember, would she?"

"No, no," agreed the man; "these servants are a great trial." Then as central rang off he murmured to himself: "There's a girl who will make a fine business woman some day. I would not mind having her in my office."

And, though he could never tell just how it happened, from that time on it was central who had the trying conversation with Mary until Miss Ellen got about, and after that with Miss Ellen herself, merely giving him a condensed

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Thursday Night, April 13

SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT

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800 colored photographic flat scenes enlarged to full size of stage opening, traveling across the entire stage from right to left in full view of the audience, presenting all there is to be seen upon the entire earth worth seeing 2 hours, 20 minutes. Scenes described.

Prices 10, 25, 35, 50.

New Zealand Animals.

Experts say that probably there is no country in the world where imported species of animals, wild and domestic, have flourished as they have done in New Zealand. The red deer grow to over 500 pounds in weight in the forests, the trout to twenty pounds in the rivers. The sheep have not expanded to any giant size, but they multiply at a faster rate than elsewhere. They grow a finer wool and a better mutton.

Flattering.

Young Feather-top—If your parents still oppose our marrying why can't we elope? Miss Sharpe-Chinn—It would never do in the world. Everybody who knows us both would say at once that I suggested it.—Chicago Tribune.

An Account to Settle.

The Lawyer—Madam, I find that

The soul asks honor, not fame; upright, not successful; prosperous, not wealthy.

In one year there has been a gain of 33 1-3 per cent in the volume of our business.

The best list of companies represented in the United States

Cotton and Country property are among our specialties.

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Have you a policy?

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	1880	1890	1903
Capital invested in Cotton Mills..	\$ 21,000,000	\$ 60,000,000	\$ 200,000,000
No. of Spindles in Cotton Mills...	667,000	1,712,000	8,250,000
Cotton consumed in So. Mills.....	225,000	546,000	2,000,000
Railroad miles in operation.....	20,000	42,900	60,000
Value of Cotton crop.....	313,696,000	390,000,000	625,000,000
Value of all Agricultural products	660,000,000	773,000,000	1,700,000,000

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On account of a decline in the price of wheat we are able to reduce the price of our famous American Beauty Flour to \$1.65 per sack. We sell this flour under absolute guarantee. After trying it, if you are not satisfied, telephone us we will send your money back and take the flour

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\$3.50 AND \$4.00

Come see the new spring styles

Hunter & Chatham

Men's Furnishers

A SPOCK.
"Now, Henry," she began, with a set jaw, "I must have \$10 today."
"All right," replied her husband, "here it is."
"Gracious, Henry!" she exclaimed, suddenly paling. "What's the matter? Are you ill?"

Forbear and Forgive.
Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have some ill nature, whose occasional outcroppings we must expect, and that we must forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

The child is a bundle of instincts, not a sheet of white paper.—G. H. Archibald.

Warning to Mothers.
The "only child in the family" in 66 per cent shows disadvantageous traits. It is usually of poor health, lacking much of normality, both mental and physical. The "youngest child," the "only boy" and the "only girl" display many striking resemblances to the "only child."—Medical News.

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SUNDAY, APRIL 2.

LIFE SENTENCE FOR MCCORQUODALE

A Whole Week Given to the Consideration of the Case—Interest was Intense.

The case of William McCorquodale, charged with the killing of Henry Spell on the night of December 7, 1904, occupied the attention of the Brazos county district court for the whole of the past week, including one night session. Both sides were represented by

EAGLE LIBRARY CONTESTS.

How the Vote Stood Monday, March 27.

Tickets are given by the firms that are in this contest on the amount of bills paid on or about the first of the month for the previous month's account. Everybody who pays a bill to one of these houses should ask for votes. Firms giving votes are shown in the big advertisement printed elsewhere. Collectors for these firms should be supplied with blank tickets when they go out collecting.

The table below shows the A. & C. Institute still maintaining its lead; the Villa Maria's vote, while small, yet shows a very large increase in a week, showing that their friends have begun to work. The same may be said of the Elks lodge, whose vote rose from 9 to 1049 in a week. The following shows how the vote stood last Monday:

FOR THE BIG LIBRARY — No. 1.

Allen Academy.....	5213
Austin Literary Society, A. & M.	5076
A. & C. Institute.....	15320
Bryan Graded School.....	1324
Bryan Ursuline Academy	1975
	78
	596
	77
	22

SNAPPY SPRING STYLES



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SCHLOSS BROS & CO
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BALTIMORE NEW YORK

\$12.50

AND UP

WHAT'S THE USE waiting a week on your tailor, when you can come here and walk off with a suit that fits as good as any "merchant tailor's," and embodies the snappiest styles and the handsomest materials? Then think of the variety you have to select from. What merchant tailor can lay before you such a varied assortment from which to match your individual preference?

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Added to all this, the price is very much lower than you would have to pay the tailor. Have you any objection to saving the difference?

The illustrations show two of the season's most popular leaders, both bearing the famous Schloss label which stands for solid merit.

We can fit anybody--regular sizes, stouts or slims.

WAGNER & BRANDON



Young Man

just a word with you—a word that will advantage you, we promise, if you will heed it. In business or social life few things count for so much as clean linen. If you want to look and feel well dressed, see to it that we launder your linen. Don't forget this word—it will win.

Bryan Steam Laundry A. E. WORLEY Prop. Phone 141.

FLORINE'S AMULET

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

Copyright, 1904, by Ina Wright Hanson

I found Florine by the tea table on the veranda gazing dreamily into her cup. She wore my roses in the belt of her white gown and in her bronze hair. For some time I had not dared to approach Florine without being fortified with disagreeable speeches; otherwise I should have been guilty of proposing to her. Considering that her monthly income was quite equal to my annual one, a proposal of marriage from me would be palpably absurd. I sighed, and my sigh aroused Florine.

"Oh, I'm glad it's you!" she said brightly. "I saw a visitor in my teacup."

I frowned and took a chair on the other side of the table.

"I wish you wouldn't," I said. "Wouldn't what? Give you a cup of tea? Well, you needn't drink it. Are you afraid it will hurt your complexion?"

Her tone was bantering, but her eyes had a hint of concern in their violet depths. I looked away as I answered:

"The other night at pit you turned your chair around three times, and then when you lost you attributed it to the misplacing of your rabbit foot."

"I did make a mistake," she said gravely. "It wasn't the rabbit foot; it was the day. Wednesday is my unlucky day."

"If you keep on folks will think you are weakminded," I continued, keeping my gaze carefully from the dangerous charm of her face. "I have actually heard it said that you wear an amulet!"

Florine was silent so long that I was compelled to glance at her. She was regarding me with what might be termed a complex look. Her mouth was dimpled with smiles, her lifted brows were derisive, but her eyes were troubled. I ignored the eyes.

"This superstition business detracts from your real worth," I went on relentlessly. "It is the flaw in the diamond, the blight in the rose, the—"

"Fly in the ointment?" she suggested politely.

"To have it told around that you wear an amulet!" I reiterated in fine scorn.

Then Florine laughed. When Florine laughs—

"You poor old dear!" she exclaimed as soon as she was able. "I don't believe you have the ghost of an idea what an amulet is!"

I was solid on that score, for I had just learned the definition from the dictionary.

"An object, usually a peculiar bit of stone, metal, bone, paper, wood or the like, worn by superstitious people as a protection against witchcraft, bad luck, disease, accidents, etc. A charm."

"Oh, don't!" she choked. "You are too absurd." Then she went off into another gale of laughter.

"I don't see where the absurdity comes in," I retorted. "If that isn't an amulet, then what is it?"

I sipped my tea with dignity while Florine recovered herself.

"I knew a girl once who wore an amulet," she said at last. "It was the—well, the picture of somebody she liked."

Picture—ah! To be sure, I wasn't an Adonis, neither was I afraid of breaking the camera, but for one reason or another I had faced a photographer. Picture, was it? Was she the girl? I wondered.

"It wasn't bone, metal, stone, paper or wood," she went on. "And she didn't wear it as a protection against anything. She just wore it because she liked it, because she liked the man whose picture was in it."

"It wasn't an amulet then," I said, setting down my cup.

"It was an amulet," contradicted Florine. "Unimaginary folks get their definitions out of the dictionary. Other people!"

"How about a walk?" I interrupted. I couldn't even pretend to be disagreeable any longer; neither could I muster up determination enough to leave her—lovely, laughing sprite that she was. Perhaps there was less danger in walking.

"But I am going to have another caller," she demurred.

"Do you see him in your teacup?" I asked.

"No; I see him at the gate," she laughed, "although he may be coming to see mamma. He is very fond of mamma. Possibly I shall be at the summer house soon."

It was clearly a dare, and I took it. I went to the summer house. Around the summer house are trees and flowers; in front is a miniature lake—a beautiful place, but a dangerous one when a man has no right to tell what sometimes dims his eyes and impedes his speech.

As I sat down something at my feet caught my eye. I picked it up. It was a heart shaped locket set with rubies. It flew open in my hand, disclosing two scraps of white cloth. I examined the pieces with some interest, especially as I noticed that my monogram graced the upper one. They were two corners from one of my handkerchiefs evidently. Anyway it was my monogram. When my eyes fell on the other piece a bewildering lot of thoughts chased through my brain, for that piece bore my profile, traced cleverly in purple ink, Florine's amulet—a "picture of a man she liked!" No more letting a paltry fortune stand be-

tween us, if she really cares, and it must be she cares, or—

When I got so far I jumped up and started joyfully for Florine's presence. Then another idea assailed me. Suppose Florine should think that my finding the amulet influenced my declaration; that it was an affair of honor, so to speak. I laid the locket carefully under a small fir and went back to the summer house. I was scarcely seated when Florine came flying down the path, her dainty gown floating like a lovely white cloud around her.

"You can laugh or you can scold. I don't care!" she asserted tearfully. "I did wear an amulet, but now it's gone!"

She sat down by me and dabbed at her pretty eyes with a square inch of lace edged linen.

I neither laughed nor scolded. I began telling her a story:

"Once upon a time there lived a beautiful princess adored by every one. In her court was a man, neither rich nor overwise, but loving her, he thought, best of all. She accused him of having no imagination, and maybe he had none, but he saw in the sunset gold of the princess' hair, in every blue flower hue of her eyes, in every purling streamlet, the music of her laughter. Often he criticised the princess, although to him she was perfect!"

"What did he do it for, then?" cried Florine.

"He had a mighty purpose."

Florine giggled. I looked at her suspiciously, but she made another dab at her eyes, so I went on:

"For all his harsh words he repented in sackcloth and ashes, and when the day of his repentance was over he knelt on the ground at her feet!"

"Oh, no!" corrected Florine. "He might have taken rheumatism or something."

Were ever eyes so blue or lips so sweet? I plunged ahead recklessly:

"He took her little hand in his"—suing action to the word—"and put his arm around her so and kissed her like this!"

"How dare you?" said Florine very softly.

"I don't dare," I answered meekly. "I was only showing you what the man did who belonged in the court of the princess."

"Well, go on," she commanded.

"I can't."

"Why?"

"I don't know what the princess did after he—after that," I sighed, although looking at Florine hopefully.

She smiled.

"Oh, the princess said, 'I have lost my amulet, and I can never see happiness without it; so methinks I will publish a decree that to him who findeth it will I give his heart's desire.'"

"Describe the amulet, O princess!"

"The decree should state that the amulet is inclosed within a case of gold, shaped like my loving heart and set around with rubies like drops of my own heart's blood; that the amulet is of fine linen, marked with purple; that each separate line stands for love, trust, happiness; that all the lines together form the lineaments of—"

Florine's dark lashes rested upon very pink cheeks. She hesitated.

"I go to search for the amulet," I announced, rising.

She looked at me approvingly. I peered under the step, made two short detours in the direction of the lake, then discovered it under a small fir tree.

Florine clasped her little hands. "How beautifully the story proceeds!" she cried as I sat down again to tell her my heart's desire.

"I am wondering, though," she mused a very long time afterward, "how the man came to find the amulet under a fir tree when the princess lost it in the summer house."

Enjoyed the Bagpipes.

In his story of the life of Lord Strathcona Mr. Beckles Willson tells an amusing anecdote of his lordship's early days when as Donald Smith he entered the employment of the Hudson Bay company and commenced to build up the riches which made him a peer millionaire.

A fellow Scotchman who worked with Smith on the same station brought out a set of bagpipes on one occasion, and when the Indians and Eskimos had gathered round he struck up "The Highland Laddie" or some such air. The delight of the aborigines was immense. Their faces lit up with rapture, and with open mouths and ears they drank in the sounds produced by the instrument.

Afterward a discussion arose at the company's factory as to whether the Eskimos were of Mongolian or Icelandic extraction.

"Hoots, mon, ye're a' wrang," broke in the impatient piper. "Did ye no see the chiefs this mornin' whilst I was twirlin' the pipes? I've nae doot—nae doot ava—they've true hieland bluid in their veins."

Irish Proverbs.

The proverbs of a nation are the distilled wit of generations of its people, and the true wit of the race is oftentimes in proportion to the truth and beauty of its proverbs. Few nations and few languages possess more beautiful sayings than the Irish. "The silent mouth is melodious," is an Irish aphorism pregnant with beauty and poetry. And another saying, inculcating a charity which is spiritually needed in this modern world of ours, is that which tells us, "Our eyes should be blind in the abode of another." The beautiful faith and the magnificent optimism of the Irish race are well pictured in their proverb, "God never shuts one door but he opens two."

"Autumn days come softly, quickly, like the running of a hound upon a moor," is poetic, vivid truth. And here is a sharp, satirical one that cuts several ways at the same time, "A poem ought to be well made at first, for there is many a one to spoil it afterward."—Leslie's Monthly.

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Miss Alace Lirette writes:—This deaux, La., Oct. 15, '04. "For five years my face was completely covered with freckles and pimples. Remedies failed, until I used packages of Satinola, which completely removed my freckles and pimples. My complexion is now perfect, and hope every lady having freckles or pimples will try Satinola."

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I have the agency for a first-class Hat Cleaning and Reblocking house at Houston. Old hats made new at small expense.

Leave orders at Exchange Shaving Parlor.

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Joe B. Reed he will be found at the same office and will give his entire time to the Insurance business—**Life, Accident and Sick Benefit Insurance** for both men and women, in Fraternal and Straight Life Insurance companies of which I represent the best. It is to your interest to see me as I can save you from \$2.00 to \$4.00 on each \$1000 insurance. I call special attention to "**FRIEND IN NEED SOCIETY**" Every man and woman in good health is eligible for membership under fifty-five years old. Many now are enjoying the benefits of life insurance that would not if not for my efforts.

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Joe B. Reed residence, an elegant home land suitable for private boarding house and convenient to Main street.

V. B. Hudson two story residence, a good comfortable home and all modern conveniences and near graded school.

Joe. Keistler place, price \$950.

Lots and houses of all kinds, and descriptions in any part of town to rent and for sale. Most of this property can be bought on time by paying one third cash.

Lots improved for parties desiring us to do so. Will sell, rent and exchange property in most any part of the state.

We have a number of good upland and creek bottom farms that we offer at bargains.

We also have Brazos bottom lands for sale in any sized tracts desired, improved and unimproved, the richest land in the world.

We have hog and cattle ranches for sale in Brazos and Burleson counties and large cattle ranches in Western Texas and Mexico.

Loans negotiated.

We have property listed with us for sale and exchange in most every part of Texas, both city and country property.

We buy real estate as well as sell it.

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We are prepared to insure any kind of insurable property—stores, stocks of merchandise, machinery, corporation property, warehouses, cotton, country property, etc.

We can insure your life in the best companies on earth for a less premium than many companies charge for the same class of property. This is important, as statistics inform us that while Fire insurance is a good thing, Life insurance is more important as out of 1200 fire risks one burns, where every man who insures his life dies.

L. A. PLASEK

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and solicits the patronage of the public in putting Rubber Tires on Vehicles, Repair Work, Etc.

Shop, west of Wagner & Brandon.

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See CLARENCE CALHOUN
a specialist in shoeing and has a fine new clipping machine.

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tired and worn out, perhaps overworked. Don't feel this way when

R&G PILLS.

are so near at hand, they will build you up, keep you well and ward off Biliouness, Sick Headache, Nervous Debility, Liver and Kidney Troubles.

They Purify the Blood, set right the Disordered Stomach, arouse the Sluggish Liver, dispel Sick-Headache, build up the Nervous System, and repair the damage caused by overwork and brain worry.

R&G PILLS.
GIVE
VIM, VIGOR & VITALITY
Try a "Pill to-night."
For Sale by all Druggists
10 Cent and 25 Cent Boxes
ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES

Franklin

is the man



WHO SETS THE PACE FOR ALL
THE REST IN THE WAY OF

GOOD MEATS

Clean, neat markets, pure and choice meats. His prices lead for

Hides, Hogs, and Good Cattle

2-MARKETS-2

S. H. FRANKLIN

Have you called on
W. A. WATKINS
FOR AN
INSURANCE POLICY?
He sells only THE BEST
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT AND SICK
BENEFIT, and PLATE GLASS

N. JAMETTA'S NEW SHOE SHOP

Is located in the Zulch block next building to James & Nunn's furniture store. All work guaranteed, and your patronage solicited
CHARGES REASONABLE

J. B. GREEN

SPECIAL AGENT
FOR THE

Texas Seed & Floral Co.

of Dallas, Texas, will take your orders for

Greenhouse Plants

Funeral Designs

and Cut Flowers.

Grows and sells Nursery Stock of all kinds at Bryan. PHONE 322

CITY

Shaving Parlor

W. B. GRICE, Proprietor.

First class work guaranteed. Hot and Cold Baths. Your patronage solicited.

THE MORNING EAGLE

Entered at the Postoffice as second class mail matter.

BY CONNELLY & CARNES.

Per Week, 15c - - Per Month, 40c

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR MARSHAL.

We are authorized to announce
T. P. BOYETT
as a candidate for re-election to the office of City Marshal at the ensuing city election in April.

FOR SECRETARY.

We are authorized to announce
C. M. SPELL
as a candidate for re-election to the office of City Secretary at the ensuing city election in April.

FOR ALDERMAN.

We are authorized to announce
R. T. BOYLE
as a candidate for re-election to the office of alderman of Bryan at the ensuing April election.

We are authorized to announce
J. B. PRIDDY
as a candidate for re-election to the office of alderman of Bryan at the ensuing April election.

We are authorized to announce
W. S. HOWELL
as a candidate for re-election as alderman of Bryan, at the ensuing April election.

SUNDAY, APRIL 2.

A GENERAL CALL.

Activity in the South in the Interest of Good Roads Increasing.

Houston, Texas, April 1.
Whereas, the East Texas Good Roads Association will hold a convention in the city of Houston on the 18th and 19th of April, 1905, we, the officers and members of the Harris County Good Roads Association, citizens and officers of the county, extend to you a most hearty and earnest invitation to attend this convention. We beg to state that every male and female in the State of Texas who is interested in the construction and maintenance of public highways is eligible to membership and will be welcome as a delegate, and we most earnestly urge that you take advantage of the exceptionally low railroad rates that have been granted on this occasion, to visit Houston, the Chicago of the South, and lend your assistance in making this a grand success.

Prominent national speakers and numerous State and county officers will be present and make this convention one of the largest and farthest reaching in its efforts in this movement than any ever held in this State before.

An interesting program has been

arranged for the entertainment of the guests and we promise you the time of your life. Therefore, we urge that you will not allow anything to interfere with your being present.

Ask your local railroad agent for rates.

H. W. Cortes, President Harris County Good Roads Association.

A. L. Jackson, Mayor of Houston.

T. Blake Dupree, County Judge.

B. F. Bonner, President Houston Business League.

J. M. Rockwell, President Lumbermen's Association.

W. S. McNeal, President Houston Manufacturers' Association.

G. J. Palmer, President Automobile Club.

Chas. F. Parker, President Houston Merchants' Association.

W. D. Cleveland, Pres. Houston Cotton Exchange and Board Trade.

George Ellis, Chief of Police.

Archie Anderson, Sheriff.

Exceptionally low passenger rates have been secured, admitting of sufficient time to cover transit to and from this convention.

Everyone is eligible, and with such noted speakers as Hon. Geo. B. Cortelyou, Hon. James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, Hon. M. Dodge, department Public Road Inquiry Bureau, all of Washington, D. C., Col. R. W. Richardson, secretary National Good Roads Association, Gov. Lanham and other speakers of State reputation, a most interesting convention will be had.

The Louisiana State Good Roads Association will hold its next meeting in Baton Rouge, La., April 27, 1905. This meeting will be followed by the Southern Interstate Convention of the National Good Roads Association, which will be held in the same city, April 28 and 29. William Jennings Bryan will probably address the convention. Several governors of southern states and other distinguished men will be present.

Hon. James Wilson, secretary of Agriculture, and Hon. Martin Dodge, director of Public Roads Inquiry, will also be present and address the Convention.

A STOLEN INVENTION.

How the Designer of the Hanson Cab Lost a Fortune.

Charles Hanson, the famous English architect, was a talented man in many respects other than in the exercise of his profession. He was dining on a certain day with a few friends when one of them taunted him with being unable to invent a vehicle which would supersede the old fashioned hacks and

cabs in universal use in London. Mr. Hanson got a sheet of paper, and without any delay he sketched out his idea of a safe and convenient mode of passing through the crowded streets of the great metropolis. His friends watched him while he was at work and unanimously applauded the sketch which he had drawn. They dubbed it by the name of its inventor, and it was then and there called a "Hanson car." One of those present advised him to take out a patent for it, which he said he would do on the morrow. However, there was one dishonest man in the company, by whom he was forestalled, for on reaching his own house that evening and being, like Mr. Hanson, a clever draftsman, as all great architects are, he sketched out a car like the drawing he had seen, and early the following morning he took it to the office and got out a patent for it in his own name, thus robbing the talented inventor of all the remuneration which he deserved to reap from it. It brought an immense but ill gotten fortune to the one who had perpetrated the fraud, whereas Mr. Charles Hanson was never one penny the richer.—Donahoe's.

JACK TAR'S GIN.

The Way Liquor Was Smuggled Aboard One of Our Warships.

While on the China station in 1886 the master at arms' mess on the United States steamer Omaha was in a drunken and demoralized condition for several weeks. Try as he might the captain could not discover where the liquor was coming from. Finally all shore liberty was stopped, but the drunkenness did not cease. On the morning of sailing while the executive officer was near the port gangway watching the taking in of stores he asked what was in a large demijohn that came over the side with boxes and packages. He was told that it was vinegar. He pulled the cork and sniffed it. It was vinegar. Then his attention was attracted by the tag marked "master at arms' mess," and, remarking that the mess must be using vinegar for bathing, as he had already seen the same demijohn brought aboard twice within that week, he ordered the officer of the deck to inspect it carefully and taste it. He did; it was vinegar. That officer, however, noticed that the jug had an unusually long neck. He poured out a small quantity of vinegar and discovered an extra cork in the bottom of the neck. Below that were three gallons of gin. The vinegar between the corks had served to deceive the inspecting officer at the gangway for a month.—Chicago News.

Men and Heads.

"What kind of head do you like on a man?" was asked of the president of a corporation employing several thousand hands. He replied: "It depends altogether on what I want the head to do. Each department of our business requires a different shape of head. We don't look for veneration, benevolence, generosity, sublimity, conscientiousness, acquisitiveness or idealism. Take them all in all, I think I'd rather have around me men of combativeness, aggressiveness, hope, spirit, constructiveness. I try to pick out such." I should like every man in my employ to have at least two-thirds of his head in front of his ears. Men with big back heads are overweighted with intellect; too slow to keep up with the age.—New York Press.

Convenient.

There was once in a North Carolina court a case that has gone down as history in the judicial annals of the state. It appears that a debtor named Jenkins, when solicited to close an old open account by note, agreed to do so provided he should be allowed to draft the instrument. This was granted him, whereupon he presented the creditor with the following:

"I, Samuel Jenkins, agree to pay John Higgins \$200 whenever convenient, but it is understood that said Jenkins is not to be pushed. Witness my hand and seal this — day of — Samuel Jenkins."—Harper's Weekly.

Better Than His Own.

They were discussing the factors which make for success in the world when the knowing young man said:

"There's nothing like force of character. Now, there's Jones! Sure to make his way in the world. He's a will of his own, you know."

"But Brown has something better in his favor."

"What's that?"

"A will of his uncle's."

Down on His Luck.

"Oh, John," she exclaimed as she observed him getting into his overcoat, "I hope you're not going to be out again tonight!"

"I hope not," he replied absentmindedly, "but it's quite likely. The cards have been running very badly for me lately."—Philadelphia Ledger.

EXPRESSIVE NAME FOR INDIGESTION.

E. J. Jenkins Has Simple Remedy That is Guaranteed to Cure the Trouble.

No one word better expresses the condition of the sufferer from weak stomach or indigestion than "misery." The stomach is weak and cannot digest the food, so that there is no appetite, there are pains and griping in the stomach and bowels, the head and back ache, and the misery goes to every organ.

Strengthen the stomach and the digestive system by the use of Mi-o-na. This is the only stomach remedy known that gives relief by strengthening the stomach and digestive organs. It is this principle that makes it a certain cure for indigestion. Other medicines may give temporary relief by helping digest the food, but they do not strengthen the stomach, and that organ gets weaker and weaker all the time.

E. J. Jenkins, the reliable retail druggist, has so much confidence in this remarkable remedy that he guarantees a cure, or the money will be refunded. Mi-o-na costs but 50 cents a box. Ask to see the strong guarantee given with each box.

Mi-o-na is in tablet form and should be taken before each meal. Other remedies for stomach troubles and indigestion are taken after the meal, and decompose the good food you eat, but Mi-o-na used before eating strengthens the stomach, soothes and heals all irritation and inflammation, enriches the blood, and puts the stomach in such a healthy condition that it will take care of the food itself and there will be no pain and suffering.

N. B. BRINKLEY

WATCHMAKER - JEWELER - OPTICIAN

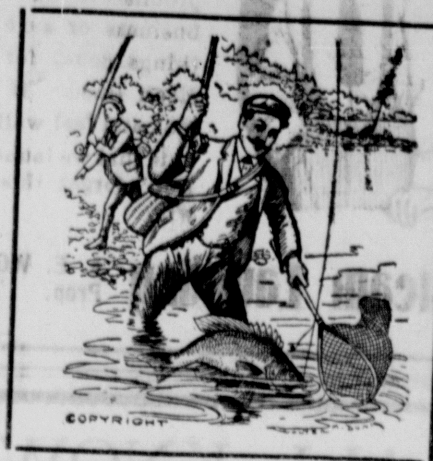
REPAIRING OF OPTICAL GOODS A SPECIALTY.

Eyes tested free of charge

All work guaranteed

At Wiley's Confectionery Store, Main Street

Take a day off and go



We supply everything but the bait

Cole Hardware Company

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN

One Freight Elevator

in good condition, suitable for grocery, hardware or dry goods business. Apply to

Dunn & Daly

Perfectly Pure and Fresh

Each and every prescription compounded by us is prepared from drugs which are perfectly pure and fresh. We reinforce this high quality of prescription ingredients with skillful and careful prescription compounding—result is finished medicine, efficient kind.

E. J. JENKINS

Eagle Library Contest

A Splendid Library Free.

The merchants and others named below will give any literary or social club, school or college, or literary club in any college; or lodge or other organization in Bryan or Brazos County, a beautiful library of attractive and valuable books, absolutely without cost. See the collection on display at Burt Norwood's show window.

The plan is simple; for every 10 cent purchase of goods you are entitled to one vote, and the institution whose members and friends poll the highest popular vote by June 24th next, 12 noon, will get the entire collection.

Voting tickets are free with all purchases. The rules governing the contest are:

First---The person making purchase must fill out ticket at time of purchase and hand to clerk for private mark or o. k. Clerks are not allowed to make out tickets.

Second---Employers and clerks are not allowed to vote or influence votes in their own establishment, and transfer of votes from one club to another will not be allowed. Cash sales or prompt payment of accounts only entitle you to vote.

The merchants and this paper will remain strictly neutral throughout this race. See the offer on subscription in another column. You can vote only at the following places:

BURT NORWOOD, Dry Goods.
WILEY & CO., Confectionery.
MOUNTAIN & CO., Groceries.
WAY, Saddlery & Harness.
WEY & SON, Meat Market.
DANSBY, Grocers.
ES, Druggist.

HUNTER & CHATHAM, Gent's Furnishings.
GORZYCKI, Photo Studio, Frames and Enlarging.
C. C. SHELburne, Livery and Feed.
JAMES & NUNN, Furniture, Carpets.
THE EAGLE, Job Printing.

Contest No. 2

In order to disseminate the information among the greatest number concerning the Library Contest and to encourage the acquisition of good books, we will give any teacher, student or other person interested in good literature, a beautiful set of Ridpath's History of the World, bound in half morocco and gorgeously illustrated—sells for \$36.00, and a complete set of the World's Greatest Orators and Essays—sells for \$25.00, bound in silk buckram, library style, illustrations on imported Japanese paper. Both sets comprise 19 volumes and are a library within themselves. These two sets of books are given by THE BRYAN EAGLE to the country teacher, student, school or society getting the most votes by June 24. One dollar paid on subscription to The Eagle entitles the person bringing it in to 100 votes, also to 100 votes in the contest for the large library. Bryan societies or people are excluded from this contest. Remember, votes secured for this contest count also for the other contest, and \$1.00 paid The Eagle for Weekly subscription buys ten times as many votes as a dollar paid for merchandise.

Sour Stomach

No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, general debility, sour risings, and catarrh of the stomach are all due to indigestion. Kodol cures indigestion. This new discovery represents the natural juices of digestion as they exist in a healthy stomach, combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure does not only cure indigestion and dyspepsia, but this famous remedy cures all stomach troubles by cleansing, purifying, sweetening and strengthening the mucous membranes lining the stomach.

Mr. S. S. Ball, of Ravenswood, W. Va., says:— "I was troubled with sour stomach for twenty years. Kodol cured me and we are now using it in milk for baby."

Kodol Digests What You Eat. Bottles only, \$1.00. Size holding 2½ times the trial size, which sells for 50 cents.

Prepared by E. C. DEWITT & CO., CHICAGO.

EGGS! EGGS! EGGS!

From Thoroughbred Plymouth Rocks

Fifteen for \$1.00

Leave orders at Thos. W. Higgs' Store

BRYAN, TEXAS

I'm still in it!

The Mattress Business. Old mattresses made new. I also upholster old chairs and lounges; take up, clean and put down carpets and matting. Please send me your orders at Capt. G. W. Smith's office.

FRANK TODARO up-to-date SHOE SHOP

All work guaranteed.

SATISFACTORY PRICES

Perfectly finished, next to Buchanan Saddle Shop. Call for and deliver work in city free. Ring 227.

J. W. Batts

REAL ESTATE AGENT

OFFICE IN TALLIAFERRO BUILDING OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE.

Have in office the only set of Abstract Books of Brazos County Land Titles.

FOR SALE.

The N. B. Cole block in Hall's addition. Price \$750.00.

One quarter of a block in eastern part of town, price \$225, ½ cash.

50 acres of land and a good four room residence, located inside city limits. Price \$1500.00.

262 acres of land on east side of town, known as the Caldwell pasture. Will sell in tracts to suit purchasers and on easy terms.

3 lots in good neighborhood, with fine shade trees. Price \$300. Terms easy.

7-room house and 2 lots on east side of town. Brick cistern and dug well. Price \$750. Terms easy.

450 acres of timber land in Kurten neighborhood in tracts to suit purchasers. Price \$3.00 to \$4.00 per acre. Terms easy.

The Mistrout place in south part of town. Eight acres and a two-story 8 room house. Bath room with hot and cold water, two underground cisterns and water-works. All necessary out houses. Price \$3,500.

DR. R. H. HARRISON, Physician & Surgeon.

OFFICE HOURS: 10 to 12 a.m.; 1 to 3 p.m. Office Phone No. 66; Residence 138. BRYAN, TEXAS.

GOOD THINGS TO EAT

DRIED FRUITS

Fancy Evaporated Apples, per pound	15c
Choice Evaporated Apples, per pound	12 1/2c
Fancy Evaporated Peaches, per pound	12 1/2c
Seeded Raisins, per pound	10c
Prunes, per pound	6, 8, 10 and 12 1/2c
Maple Syrup, Fancy Decanter	50c
Maple Syrup, per quart can	45c
Maple Syrup, per half gallon	75c
Richieu Apple Butter, something good	35c
Dodson & Brown Mango Pickles, per dozen	25c
Sweet Mixed Pickles, per quart	25c
Sour Mixed Pickles, per quart	20c
Plain Cucumber pickles, per dozen	10c
Dodson & Brown Tomato Catsup	25c
Fennell Tomato Catsup	25c
Fennell Salad Dressing	35c
Dunkley's Celery Salad	25c
Sweet Pickled Peaches	50c

Many other Good things to eat too numerous to mention.
Give us your order

DANSBY & DANSBY

PHONE 114

"The Place Where You Get Your Coffee"

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

H. & T. C. SCHEDULE.

NORTH BOUND TRAINS:

No. 3	1:38 p.m.
No. 5	12:46 a.m.

SOUTH BOUND TRAINS:

No. 2	3:40 p.m.
No. 6	2:48 a.m.

I. & G. N. SCHEDULE.

SOUTH BOUND TRAINS.

No. 11 arrives at	4:35 p.m.
No. 12 arrives at	9:10 a.m.

WILSON & EDGE

SPRING MILLINERY OPENING
Tuesday, 10:30 a.m.

Read announcement in this issue.

Gold Medal Flour is positively unexcelled by any other brand. For sale only at Howell Bros. at \$1.65 per sack. One trial will convince you of its superior merits and give you entire satisfaction. We are selling lots of it every day. Ring up phones 23 or 150 and give us an order for Gold Medal. 102

White mohair at Wagner & Brandon's. 103

Phones 111 and 179 get the best groceries. 101

Hugo Knoblauch came down from Mexia yesterday. 101

Wash silks in solid colors at Wagner & Brandon's. 103

Roland Smith of Navasota was in the city yesterday. 101

W. E. Johnson of Millican was in the city yesterday. 103

Flowered net for evening wear at Wagner & Brandon's. 103

G. W. Williams of Fort Worth was in the city yesterday. 103

The latest in neckwear for ladies at Wagner & Brandon's. 103

Frank Wilson of Rogers Prairie was in the city yesterday. 103

Don't fail to see the white waistings at Wagner & Brandon's. 103

J. B. Dunn of Wheelock was in the city the past two days. 103

What we want is your April grocery orders. Fountain & Co. 101

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Ralston returned to Cameron yesterday. 101

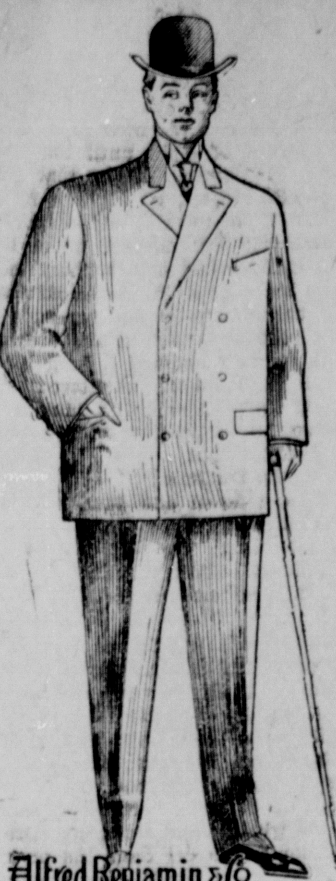
Yard wide white wash silk, 65c value, 49c. Wilson & Edge. 101

Miss Minnie Robertson of Cameron is the guest of Mrs. T. L. Grace. 103

White and colored linens, plain or fancy, at Wagner & Brandon's. 103

R. M. Wilson and son, Master Sebastian, visited Calvert yesterday. 103

Your Easter gown will be complete with a pair of Queen Quality slippers. We are showing fifteen styles at \$2.50 and \$3.00. Wilson & Edge. 101



Men's Spring Suits

Single and double breasted in Blue Serge, Black Unfinished Worsteds, Tibets, Fancy Worsteds, Cassimeres and Homespuns, coats three button, cut long and loose, collars wide, vest single breasted with collar, trousers made full with belt loops. This label

Alfred Benjamin & Co. MAKERS NEW YORK

with all its fame never went on a prouder line or one that would add more to its prestige. We have many exclusive patterns which we can not duplicate, so you had better come early.

\$10 to \$20

Parks & Waldrop
Clothing and Furnishers

BRYAN SHORT HAND SCHOOL.

The Bryan Short Hand School, Miss Lula Hardy teacher, has been moved to the opera house. Hours 4 to 6 p.m. and 7 to 11 p.m., every day except Saturday and Sunday. 1

A dispatch in the dailies reports the surveyors of the T. & B. V., near Houston, and quotes them as saying they are in search of a low grade and air line. We understand that other lines will be run before the line is permanently located.—Huntsville Post.

For Sale—Jersey cows fresh in milk, \$35 to \$75 each. Also fine Silver Wyandotte and Leghorn chickens. Prices on application. R. R. Anderson, Navasota, Texas. 104

In white woollens we are showing mohair, silk warp voile, Bedford cords, albatross and brocade mohair. Wagner & Brandon's. 103

The damage suit of H. N. Hall vs. the I. & G. N. railroad, set for yesterday in the district court, was continued until the next term.

Our competitors say they have as good as Queen Quality, but they can't offer the genuine article at the same price. Wilson & Edge. 101

The last count of votes in the library contest is printed elsewhere. Read the comments printed in connection with the table.

Fresh strawberries, fresh vegetables. Howell Bros. 101

Chaney & Sons shipped a carload of cattle to Houston Friday night. "Point De Esprit" in white and colors at Wagner & Brandon's. 103

W. L. Edge returned yesterday from a visit to relatives at Batson.

It's All a Mistake.

Dr. J. M. Nicks and family of Stone City will leave this week for Jacksonville, Texas, where they will reside in future. Dr. J. E. May and family have arrived from Bay City, and will reside at Stone City. Dr. May succeeding to the practice of Dr. Nicks. Both gentlemen were in the city yesterday.

Swell showing in parasols and fans. Wilson & Edge. 101

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Swancoat came in yesterday from Mr. Swancoat's Cedar Creek farm and went to Rockdale. Mr. Swancoat is interested in the Rockdale coal mines, and to him is largely due the credit for the development of lignite in Texas. He has been active along this line for twenty years.

Fresh strawberries, fresh vegetables. Howell Bros. 101

The ball game between the A. and M. and St. Edwards at College yesterday afternoon was broken up by rain during the fifth or sixth inning, score 5 to 2 in favor of A. and M. The A. and M. took both games and has opened the season with flying colors.

The old reliable piano tuner, Mr. Putney, after a delay from illness and bad weather, will be in Bryan about the middle of April, to attend to anything to be done in his line both for his regular customers and others. 100

R. C. Carson and family returned to Palestine yesterday. They were called here on account of the death of Mrs. Carson's father, Mr. J. M. Ratliff.

J. W. Aldredge and wife of Ennis were in the city yesterday. Mr. Aldredge being a witness in a civil suit in the district court.

D. C. DeMaret went to Mineral Wells yesterday, accompanying his mother, Mrs. E. A. DeMaret of Navasota.

Crossett \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes we guarantee as stylish as \$5.00 shoes. See window display. Wilson & Edge. 101

In the district court yesterday divorce was granted in the suit of Minnie Willmyer vs. Gus Willmyer.

Lunnie Herndon of Flatonia, Tex., and Johnnie Herndon of Chicago, are guests of Mrs. A. M. Rhodes.

27 inch Lyons' dye, spot proof Jap wash silk sold only by Wilson & Edge at 49c per yard. 101

Mrs. J. H. Alsworth returned to Austin yesterday after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. L. L. McInnis.

Two telephones, two delivery wagons, prompt attention to all orders. E. J. Fountain & Co. 101

Low cut shoes, any style or price, for men, women and children at Wilson & Edge's. 101

Mrs. T. C. Moore returned to Benchley yesterday accompanied by Miss Ellie Seale.

White duck slippers for women, misses and children. All prices. Wilson & Edge. 101

Fancy wash silks in dainty stripes and checks, 38 and 48c. Wagner & Brandon's. 103

Start the month right by placing your orders for groceries with Fountain & Co. 101

Crepe Jacqueline in floral effects, beautiful novelty, at Wagner & Brandon's. 103

American Beauty Flour—best in the world—\$1.65 per sack. Fountain & Co. 101

White mercerized grenadine voils for your Easter dress. Wilson & Edge. 101

Mohair luster, Egyptian taffetas, black voiles, 19c per yard. Wilson & Edge. 101

Mrs. J. E. Semple of Navasota arrived yesterday on a visit to relatives.

A real swell line of fancy wash silks, 38 and 48c. Wagner & Brandon's. 103

Say, don't let me forget to see R. G. Tabor about that life insurance. d-tf

Mrs. Fannie Bedford returned to Dallas yesterday after a visit to Mrs. Nicol.

For the best of everything in life insurance see R. G. Tabor. d-tf

Social and club matter will be found on the sixth page.

Cottage for rent. Apply to Mrs. Ada C. Wallace. 104

New goods on display at Wagner & Brandon's. 103

White silk grenadine at Wagner & Brandon's. 103

New goods daily at Wagner & Brandon's. 103

City election Tuesday



SOLD ONLY BY

HOWELL Bros.

\$1.65 per sack

Gold Medal Flour

HAS THE QUALITY

Phones 23 and 150

A PECULIAR MAN.

His Name Was Lazarus, and He Had a Peculiar Experience.

"In one of my voyages from Cape Town to England," writes a traveler, "I shared my cabin with a peculiar man, whose name was Lazarus. He made me promise that if he should die during the voyage I would prevent his burial at sea. He said that on a previous voyage he had fallen sick and was taken for dead and put into a sack for burial. A quartermaster had been put on to watch the body until it was time for the funeral. When the burial party arrived the quartermaster informed the captain that he thought the body had moved in the sack. The sack was opened, and Lazarus eventually came to life again. Such was the story Lazarus told me. Lazarus was a thin man with a sorrowful face. He had an enormous appetite and appeared at every meal, to which he devoted his whole energies. The good feeding only seemed to add to his corpulent appearance. One evening, sure enough, when we were about halfway to our voyage's end, he apparently died again. The doctors took him in charge this time, however, and he came out of his trance without any shotted sack episode. He was met at the London docks by a number of relatives and friends, all of whom looked as if they might be suffering from the same complaint."

JUST EIGHT YEARS APART.

Odd Fact Regarding the Ages of Five Successive Presidents.

John Adams was eight years older than his successor, Jefferson; Jefferson was eight years older than his successor, Madison; Madison was eight years older than his successor, Monroe; and Monroe was eight years older than his successor, John Quincy Adams. Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe ended their terms each in the sixty-sixth year of his age. John Adams, Jefferson and Monroe ended their days on the Fourth of July, the two former dying within a few hours of each other, just half a century after the Declaration of Independence.

John Adams lived to be ninety years and eight months old, while Garfield died at the middle age of forty-nine years and ten months. Jefferson, Madison and John Quincy Adams lived to be octogenarians; Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren, Tyler, Fillmore and Buchanan got well into the seventies, and Washington, William Henry Harrison, Taylor, Pierce, Johnson and Grant only reached into the sixties. Polk died at the age of fifty-three years and Lincoln and Arthur at fifty-six.—Washington Post.

THE STOMACH.

If You Treat It Properly It Will Return the Compliment.

It is not an uncommon thing to hear a man or woman say, "There is something the matter with my stomach." They never stop to think whether they themselves are not at fault instead of the stomach. It is so easy to blame the stomach. It can't say anything back.

But the truth of the matter is the stomach is all right; nothing the matter with it at all. It is what is put into the stomach that is causing the trouble. The stomach knows when it receives something that will be injurious to the body or when it has been overloaded, and it protests against the indigestible article or the surplus amount of food.

It is acting as a friend and sending out a warning against this abuse. But instead of being grateful to the stomach and leaving off the indigestible food and the big dinners the man or the woman continues to load it with pie and cake, pickles and sauces, pork and pancakes and all sorts of horrid things, and then they complain that there is something the matter with their stomachs.—London Mail.

When the Thunder Rolls.

Excellent authorities agree that in a thunderstorm the middle of a room is much the safest place in a house. A carpeted floor or one covered by a heavy thick rug is better to stand on than bare wood. It is well to keep away from chimneys and out of cellars. In the open air tall trees are dangerous. A person sheltered under a low tree or shrub thirty or forty feet from a large and lofty tree is quite safe. If lightning strikes in the immediate vicinity it will hit the high tree as a rule, with few exceptions. Water is a very good conductor, and it is well to avoid the banks of streams in a violent thunderstorm.—Detroit Tribune.

Doctors and Celibacy.

There was once a time when doctors were doomed to celibacy. It was at the conclusion of the mediaeval period, when medicine was in the hands of the monks. In France the habit of celibacy persisted long after the practice of medicine had passed into lay hands. For two or three centuries the doctors protested, but in vain. The matter was finally laid before the pope and toward the end of the fifteenth century the vow was abolished.

Two Points of View.

"I think," said an exasperated old deacon as he slowly elevated himself from the pavement to a perpendicular, "the full grown man who throws an orange peel on the sidewalk is no Christian." "Well," said a bystander, "what do you think of an orange peel that throws a full grown man on the sidewalk?"

Justified.

"I wish they'd invent a new expression occasionally," said Top as he perused the account of a recent wedding. "It's always 'the blushing' bride.'" "Well," replied Mrs. Top, "when you consider what sort of husbands most girls have to marry you can't wonder at their blushing."

After the Consultation.

"Well, Mrs. Brown and Smith are going to operate upon old Gotrox." "Is the operation necessary?" "Why, yes; Brown has a note coming due, and Smith wants an automobile."—Puck.

The Leak.

"Say, waiter, this plate must be cracked; the table is wet." "No, sir; there's a leak in the soup."

Dress Goods Opening!

We will inaugurate a Dress Goods Opening Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. During this time there will be displayed one of the most elaborate lines of Dress Goods ever shown in Bryan, consisting of all the latest weaves and newest colors.

Dotted Eolian
Crepe Eolian
Cotton Crepe
Clip Spot Crepe
Dotted Knickerbocker
Fancy Jacquard
Yachting Cloth

Window Cloth
Shadow Cloth
Silk Warp Crepe
Silk Warp Eolian
Silk Rep
Habuti Silk
Brahma Silk

Shantung Silk
Changeable Silk
Wash Silk
Taffeta Silk
Pongee Chiffon
Lappet Swiss
Dotted Swiss

Figured Swiss
Embroidered Swiss
Lace Leno
Check Leno
Spot Leno
Organdy
Check Voil

Printed Voil
Nub Voil
Rice Voil
Plaid Voil
Lace Voil
Leno Voil

Webb Brothers.

SOCIAL and Club Matters

During the past month St. Cecilia's Musical Club of Villa Maria has been steadily pushing ahead in the reading and studying of the Masters and their works. Last Thursday afternoon the biography of Haydn was begun and the unflagging interest, even of the younger members sustained throughout. Questions on the life of the creator of the oratorio, Handel, were propounded and a fine imposed for each delinquency. By way of diversion and as a sauce to the more substantial work, came the musical enigmas, which aroused genial rounds of pleasure and competition.

On last Friday afternoon the regular quarterly examinations were held. The questions given were quite exhaustive of the different branches and the ready response of the young ladies reflected great credit alike to teacher and pupils. Following is the recitation average of the seniors:

- Seniors—Misses Mary Harris 95, A. Fountain 96, Kate Wray Ward 98, Frances Fountain 98, Susie Dunn 98, Helen Carroll 98, Bessie Gibson 99, Laura Stevens 99, Ada Field 99, Allie Conway 100, Ellie Ward 100, Hilda Japhet 98.
- Sub-Seniors—Misses S. Price 95, H. Wood 95, A. B. Clay 96, P. R. Glass 96, R. Davis 96.
- Intermediate—Misses A. Rohde 95, K. McConnell 95, F. M. McCarty 95, Preparatory—Misses R. Carston 95, B. Hall 98, P. Halland 98, F. Halland 98, Mary Wolfe 100, Frankie Dailey 100, Nettie Clay 100.

MATHEMATICS.

- Seniors—Misses H. Japhet 95, K. Wray Ward 95, A. Grace 95, A. Conway 97, A. Field 97, B. Gibson 100, E. Ward 100.
- Sub-Seniors—Misses A. B. Clay 95, R. Conway 95, K. McConnell 95, N. Clay 95, R. Glass 95, S. Price 96, F. McCarty 96, H. Wood 97, R. Davis 99, M. Wolfe 99, P. and F. Holland 99.

Correct Department—Misses G. McDonald, H. Carroll, S. Dunn, S. Price, A. Grace, M. Marrett, A. Rohde, B. Nall and Ruby Davis.

In the southern part of the city on Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock the pretty home of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Howell was the scene of much mirth and merriment, the occasion being a dinner given in honor of Miss Norma Calhoun of Houston, who is the charming guest of Miss Jennie Howell. The dinner, served in eight courses, was a perfect success in every detail, and could not have been otherwise under Mrs. Howell's management. The table was a dream of decorative beauty. In the center was large candelabra holding eight pink candles with exquisite pink La France roses banked around it, while a large silver candelabra on each end of the table, filled with pink candles, shaded with tiny pink shades, put a pretty flush to the table decorations. The dinner party numbering ten in all were elegantly dressed in evening apparel. Those fortunate enough to be present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Howell, Misses Calhoun of Houston, Jessie Garth, Jennie Howell, Hettie Smith; Major Church, Capt. Street, Mr. R. L. Burney, Mr. Jesse Hassell.

- MENU.
- Oyster Cocktail
Crackers Celery Olives
Baked Crab
Roast Turkey Sorbet
Creamed Potatoes Jellied Apples
Asparagus on Toast
French Peas
Chicken Salad en Mayonnaise
Strawberry Charlotte
Cakes Coffee Roquefort
Creme de Menthe

Miss Kathrine Norwood sent out invitations to one hundred little friends to come on Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock to help celebrate the anniversary of her fifth birthday. At the hour appointed the lawn was full of pretty, bright children, all running here and there, and playing all kinds of childish games. A birthday cake was cut in the dining room. This was a large white cake decorated with five candles. All the children were eager to cut and try their luck. Master Allen Myers got the thimble. Miss Susie Sanders found the tooth pick, while Master Jenkins got the button.

Norwood was assisted in her as hostess by Mrs. Sam S. Miss Edna Crundington, Miss Nagle, Mrs. S. M. Waldrop, D. Cady of San Antonio, Nettie Bell, Mrs. Kate Nabors, and Mrs. Norwood.

Several pretty and useful presents were brought to Miss Kathrine by her many friends. Delicious cream and cake were served. Miss Kathrine's fond parents have surrounded her with every environment of happy childhood, and she is as sweet and lovely in disposition as in person, and beloved by all.

The Bachelorettes are under obligations to Miss Bessie Buchanan for a delightful afternoon meeting on Friday at the home of her mother, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Buchanan. Miss Buchanan was assisted by the duties of hostess by Miss Sanders. For the forty-two in lieu of score cards bunches of streamers were used with the club colors, red and white, and score was kept by attaching bells to the streamers. Roy Harbers, the most popular player, was rewarded with a fool cap adorned with a white and red ribbon. Miss Sanders was consoled with a bouquet of violets. Refreshments were served. The club meets on Friday at Miss Gussie Buchanan's.

Observedly, one of the most pleasant meetings of the Mutual Improvement Club held recently, was that of Wednesday afternoon. The club meetings draw to a close, and the usual inclination at this season is to withdraw from school and clubroom, but the contrary proves true here, for there is more than usual interest displayed. It was decided that hereafter the club meetings be extended through the third Wednesday in April, instead of the first as it now stands. The study for the afternoon was the prologue to the play, completed at this meeting "As You Like It" and it proved an instructive review. There was much gratification felt by the club, upon this occasion, on the return of several of its ex-members.

Mesdames M. W. Sims, G. M. Brandon, J. A. McQueen, Jno. T. Hanway, Tyler Haswell, W. S. Howell and Mrs. J. D. Trammel of Fort Worth formed a party of ladies who met with Mrs. Robt. S. Webb Thursday afternoon and listened with many quakes and quivers while Mrs. M. W. Sims read with dramatic force from the weird tales of Edgar Allen Poe, those particularly shivery selections, "Tell Tale Heart" and "Black Cat." After these came amusing anecdotes and merry chat, until delicious cream and fruit cake, mellowing since the Christmas tide, were served by the thoughtful hostess. The evening was a very pleasant one for all, and out of the usual routine.

One of the sweetest forty-two parties enjoyed by the Bachelor Girls was given Wednesday afternoon by Miss Elma Harbers. The games were marked by the sweetest perfume sachet bags. The first prize was won by Miss Mary Pitts. The guests prize, a pretty hair receiver, was won by Mrs. E. J. Kyle. The booby, a large green sachet, was given to Miss Emily Thomas. Refreshments consisting of banana ice cream and cake were served. The club meets next week with Miss Irene Keeling. All the members are requested to come early in order to hold a business meeting before 3.

Miss Jennie Howell entertained the Embroidery Club on Tuesday afternoon in a most delightful way. After an hour spent in sewing and chatting, Miss Howell brought out tables and dominoes. After the guests had played a series of exciting games of forty-two, an appetizing salad course, with sherbet, was served. Despite the inclement weather a splendid time is reported by all attending. The next meeting of the club will be with Miss Irene Keeling Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at which time Miss Keeling will also entertain the Bachelor Girls.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Howell informally entertained a few couples last evening, forty-two being the medium of amusement. After the games, strawberry cream and cake were served. Present were Misses Nellie Batte, Sadie Cavitt, McInnis, Howell, Calhoun of Houston, Thomas, Emily Thomas; Messrs. Andrews, Campbell, Shaw, Foy, Embry, Gideon, Sanborn; Mr. and Mrs. Howell, Mrs. J. D. Trammel of Fort Worth.

Mrs. Jno. M. Lawrence gave a tea Friday afternoon for the benefit of the Methodist church. Misses Mary Ross Parker, Frances Chance, Pauline Webb and Nannine Hall assisted Mrs. Lawrence in serving delicious strawberry ice cream and white cake. There were many callers during the afternoon, and the offerings aggregated a nice sum. The tea was one of the most pleasant and successful given for a long time.

The Simple Life Expensive. And, really, the simple life is frightfully expensive. At a recent entertainment in this city a great luxury in the serving of the second supper was the introduction of country sausage and buckwheat cakes with maple sirup. But the sausage came from the farm of the host and represented a small fortune, as the pigs from which the piece de resistance was made were blooded animals with pedigrees. The buckwheat was grown in special fields which cost ever so much a foot, and the maple sirup was taken from trees in the most expensive Adirondack preserve. And thus can thousands of dollars be spent on the simple life, while truffles, pate, terrapin and such other rarebits of a former generation are left for the tables of the middle classes with moderate means.—Town and Country.

Picture In Disguise. Many and strange have been the vicissitudes of some of the world's greatest pictures, and a fine painting which now graces Lord Leigh's residence in Warwickshire has an interesting history. This remarkable picture, which for some years consisted of a painting of flowers, was pronounced by an art dealer to be merely a mask for some other picture, and on his receiving permission he gradually cleaned off the flowers, discovering underneath a very fine portrait of Charles I, by Vandyke. It is supposed that the portrait was thus disguised in order to save it from destruction by the Roundheads at the time of the commonwealth.

Where We Are Unelean. We are most particular about cleanliness in our houses—many servants must keep them swept and garnish for us—and about cleanliness in our food, eating only of first class materials, daintily prepared. But with all this delicacy of habit the most greasy savage is seraph clean compared to us in the matter of air. He breathes pure air rich in oxygen. We get together in vast herds, defile the air with all manner of disagreeable and revolting matter, including disease germs, and then contentedly breathe it.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman in Good Housekeeping.

Three Roses and Another

By JOANNA SINGLE

Dr. John Dunham knew what he did not want. He could also instantly recognize what he did want when he saw it. These traits had been of use to him in working his way through college, through medical school after that and into a flourishing practice now two years old.

In love as in business it was the same, only the girls he had thus far met were undoubtedly the ones he did not want. Dr. John's black gray eyes were always on the silent quest of an unknown girl the thought of whom he linked with the thought of roses. She did not appear. He was thirty-two and beginning to think he had missed her and was deciding to devote his spare time entirely to rose culture when the no longer expected happened.

In September he went, with a colleague, Frederick Mayne, M. D., to a medical convention in St. Louis. Seated at the formal banquet, he looked up, just across the table, at her! And then he seemed to have always known that she was small and blond, with the sweet delicacy of a pink tea rose, that her head was poised like a flower and that breeding and courage showed in every feature and gesture.

Instantly the thought of her as his mounted to his head like wine, and his look met hers with an intensity that made her eyes droop. He turned coolly to Mayne beside him and said in a low tone:

"Look carefully at this ring on my finger, and don't glare up. I want to ask a question. Who is she?"

Strangely enough, Mayne knew who "she" was.

"Dean Carroll's daughter, Rose," he replied. Then as they both looked up carelessly he continued, "I may as well tell you that I shall try to get her." Choking back a senseless anger, trying to realize that Mayne had as good a right to want her as he, Dunham answered quietly:

"And I may as well tell you that you have me to work against. I shall do my best."

At the reception following John Dunham accosted his old professor, Dean Carroll, shook hands and asked:

"Doctor, please introduce me to your daughter."

"Certainly, my boy—with pleasure. But"—the old man laughed—"I warn you!"

"It's everlastingly too late, doctor. All I ask of you is not to tell her I wanted to meet her and—not to praise me to her." The serious eyes of the young man checked the old man's smile.

"Upon my soul! I believe you're in earnest!"

"I warn you that I am." Dean Carroll looked Dr. John Dunham over carefully from head to foot. Then he held out his hands.

"I wish you luck," he said slowly. "You're as open now as you were during the four years I knew you at college and in your success since. Your tactics are worthy of a general and victory. Come along. But perhaps you'd like me first to suggest to her that you're a dangerous character?" John laughed contentedly.

"Better that than encomiums."

Rose Carroll met her father's old pupil none the less graciously because he was tall and strong and because the heavy, dark hair framing his handsome face was touched with gray. In fact, he was so interesting that she met him with an armor of protective resistance beneath her graciousness. She was used to easy victories over her admirers, but not anxious, though she was on the alert, for her own Waterloo. There was time enough for that.

John began well. While deferential, he was not adoring; while entirely appreciative, he was not insistent in his enjoyment of her society, which he accepted with a sort of seemingly transient spirit of camaraderie that plucked her a little. Several times during the evening he drifted carelessly back near her and watched with amusement Mayne's breakneck endeavor to make use of his time to impress his rather ponderous personality upon the girl. Dunham asked permission to call next day.

He did call and was carelessly entertaining. He let himself go, showing his real self, speaking of his youthful adventures in the west, of his roses at home and leaving a sort of an impression that he was a man into whose life women had entered little and that they were to him a sort of pleasant relaxation from workaday cares.

Rose found herself putting forth unusual efforts to please this man, who was not, as others, apparently in the least subjugated by her charms. He did not stay long, but as he arose to go he unwrapped a long, slender parcel he had been holding, crushed the tissue paper in his fingers and put one perfect white rose into her hand. He laughed down into her eyes.

"I wanted to give you a red one, only"—The significance of his tone and his hesitation made her rise to his throw.

"Only you didn't dare!" she finished for him.

"Oh, I dared," he replied coolly, "but I thought I wouldn't—yet! The best for the last, you know!" And he left her trying to decide whether he meant anything or nothing. As he went out he met Mayne entering with a large florist's box, and during his call he had learned that she was leaving the next day for home. When he reached his office he looked up the northbound trains.

Next morning at 7:55 he walked up to the station. Just around the corner on the platform he saw Rose Carroll smiling at Mayne, who carried her suit case and a great bunch of pink carnations. Before they saw him he stepped back into the waiting room, bought a ticket to the next town north and kept out of sight until the train came in. He swung on the rear platform, while Mayne, triumphant in his moment of favor, put the lady into a seat and bestowed her luggage about her. As the train pulled out Dunham looked from his window in the smoker and beheld the idiotically adoring face of Mayne, who was waving his farewell.

When he had smoked a long black cigar John Dunham sauntered into the next car. About the middle of the aisle he stopped suddenly at a quick exclamation:

"Why, Mr. Dunham!"

He looked down and saw, with apparent surprise, Rose Carroll, blushing and smiling. He removed his hat, but made no effort to take the seat which she had cleared for him beside her.

"Miss Carroll! So this is your train—how pleasant! Lovely day, isn't it?" "Won't you sit down?" she asked, a little timidly. And he did and went on talking so carelessly and yet so meaningfully, so brightly and still so seriously, that it seemed to her but a moment or two before he looked from the window and stood up. Drawing a slender parcel from his pocket, he unwrapped a single, long stemmed pink rose.

"I must get off here in order to get back to an important case with your father. I only got on to tell you goodby. Didn't want to interfere with Mayne at the station. I can't compete with this floral generosity," and he laid the rose in her lap, "but this is to remind you that some day I shall bring you that red rose." He was gone, without touching her hand in farewell. She sat gasping—pleased, astonished, half angry, but completely interested. She looked at the pink rose. Then she tossed the carnations from the window and wondered how in the world John Dunham had managed to obtain her promise to answer his letters.

Thereafter Dunham wrote her—not regularly, but when the fancy seemed to seize him—whimsical, vigorous, joyful, masculine letters, wholesomely free from all lovemaking. She answered, and sometimes when he was very busy he called her up on the long distance phone in lieu of a letter. Meantime Mayne had sent bushels of flowers, had written ponderous sentimental epistles and heaved many ponderous sighs. Twice he had gone to see his divinity, and on his last call her lack of interest in his elaborate mention of Dunham raised suspicion in his slow but relentlessly logical mind. On his return he sauntered into Dunham's office.

"Morning, old man."

"Morning, Mayne. Enjoy your visit?" How the deuce did Dunham know he'd been away? Mayne hazarded a guess.

"Yes, called on Miss Carroll. Write to her, don't you?" Taken off guard, Dunham admitted the soft impeachment and was instantly sorry. Mayne laughed with unctuous amusement.

"Thought you were too astute for that. Bet she's got you going—has me! Stringing you for all she's worth! Practiced hand! Great girl—no end popular. Knows how to do it, Miss Carroll." Dunham's anger rose, but he answered carelessly:

"Look to yourself, Mayne. Guess I can take care of Johnny." But after Mayne went the tide of his anger surged toward Rose Carroll. When he could stand it no longer he went to the phone, closing the door of the inner office, and called up St. Louis and Miss Carroll. After an hour's delay he got her and went straight to the point.

"That you, Miss Carroll? Know who this is? Yes! Lovely spring day! I want to ask you something. Forgive my bluntness, but I must know. Miss Carroll, in your letters and all have you meant everything or have you been playing with me?" A long pause, while he listened intently.

"No, I did not think so—I simply asked. I have not the time nor the temper to play. You will forgive me for asking you? No, I can't tell you what made me think of such a thing. Yes, some day I will. Certainly I believe you! What? May I? May I come this week? Of course I want to! But I can't reach you till Saturday evening and will have to start back Sunday morning. It's a long way, and connections are bad. All right—goodby—till Saturday!"

At 4 in the afternoon of June 1 John Dunham stepped from his train at St. Louis and went to a hotel to get rid of his travel stains and appease his hunger.

About 7 he emerged faultlessly attired, visited a florist and took a cab to Dean Carroll's stately old home.

Rose came to him in the dim candlelight of the library, a vision in shimmering gray. He had intended meeting her in his usual easy way, but the clamor of his heart and the wine of a certain proud yielding in the glance of her blue eyes swept him into speechlessness. He stood long looking at her, her hand still in his. Then he dropped the small hand back at her side and strode out into the hall.

In a moment he came back and clasped her warm little fingers about the stem of a glowing red rose.

"The red rose," he said simply—"the time for it is now, isn't it?" he questioned quietly, stepping back with his arms straight at his side to look at her. "Isn't it time, dear?" he insisted.

"Yes," she murmured. "I"—And as she did not finish, with a sudden longing he held out both his hands to her. "Will you come, Rose?" With the pride of a small queen, Rose Carroll laid her two hands in his.

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ELECTION ORDINANCE.

Be it ordained by the City Council of the city of Bryan:

That an election for city officers, to-wit: Marshal, Secretary and three members of the city council, shall be held by the qualified voters of said city, at the city hall in Bryan on the first Tuesday in April next, it being the fourth day of said month; and the presiding officer, together with such others as he may appoint, shall hold said election in accordance with the city charter and ordinances and the state law governing elections.

Adopted by the city council and approved by the Mayor, this 17th day of January, 1905.

C. M. Spell, R. H. Harrison, Mayor.

April 4. S. B. C.

H. & T. C. RATES.

Waco, account President Roosevelt's visit, sell for train No. 5 April 6th, limit 7th; \$1.70 round trip.

Mineral Wells, account Grand Lodge K. of P., sell April 23 and 24, and trains arriving there morning of 25th.

Fort Worth, account Lumbermen convention, sell April 9 and 10.

Ennis, account Baptist convention (colored), sell April 18 and 19 and part of 20th.

Dallas, account S. S. supts., sell April 3d and morning of 4th.

Waco, account State Sportsmen association, sell April 16th and 17th. On March 1 up to May 15 our second class Colonist tickets to California, Arizona and New Mexico will be on sale at \$25.00.

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The I. & G. N. R. R., in connection with the National Lines of Mexico, operate four Fast Trains Daily between Texas and Mexico via Laredo. The time from San Antonio to Mexico City being only 34 1/2 hours, or a day and a half, and 302 miles shortest. Correspondingly as quick from all Texas points via I. & G. N. R. The cities of Monterey, Saltillo, San Luis Potosi and Mexico City are reached directly in through Pullman Buffet Sleepers without change. This route also forms the new short line via Monterey to Torreon and Durango, direct connection with through sleepers to and from Durango being made at Monterey.

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